THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 28, 1801.

A particular Account of the naval Career of Lord Viſcount Nelſon.

HORATIO, Lord Viſcount Nelſon, is the ſon of the Rev. Edward Nelſon, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, by Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, prebendary of Weſtminſter. At the rectory-houſe of his father's living he firſt ſaw the light on the 29th of September, 1758, and received the firſt part of his education at the free-ſchool at Norwich, from whence he was removed to North Walſham, at which place his literary purſuits terminated.

At the age of twelve years, in 1770, he left ſchool, and was admitted on board the Raiſonable by his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling; but the difference with the Spaniards, relative to Falkland Iſlands, being ſoon accomodated, the ſhip was paid off, and our young ſailor was ſent a voyage in a Weſt India ſhip belonging to the houſe of Hibber, Purrier, and Horton. On his return home, in July, 1772, he was again received by his uncle, then commanding the Triumph, lying at Chatham.

His voyage to the Weſt Indies had almoſt been the means of depriving government of his future ſervices; he conceived an averſion to be employed in what may be called the higher line of ſervice, and might have quietly ſunk into the obſcure ſituation of maſter of a trading veſſel, had not the addreſs of his uncle again reanimated him, and reconciled him to the ſtate in which he was afterwards to become one of its diſtinguiſhed ornaments.

While at Chatham, he had frequent opportunities of navigating veſſels from that place to the Tower of London, and alſo down the Swin Channel and to the North Foreland; and by

his conſtant and unwearied attention he became a moſt excellent pilot.

In April, 1772, a voyage of diſcovery was undertaken, by order of the king, to aſcertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, to advance the diſcovery of a north-weſt paſſage into the South Seas, and to make ſuch other aſtronomical obſervations as might prove ſerviceable to navigation. On this voyage young Nelſon ſolicited to go, and, rather than be left behind, ſubmitted to the appointment of coxſwain to Captain Lutwidge, who being ſtruck with the unſubdued ſpirit which he diſplayed on this occaſion, conſented to receive him in this capacity; and from that event a friendſhip commenced between theſe two officers, which has continued without abatement to the preſent day. During the expedition, Lord Mulgrave took particular notice of the young coxſwain, and formed that high opinion of his character which his ſubſequent conduct has ſo juſtly merited. In the courſe of it he encountered and overcame ſome difficulties which inferior minds would have ſhrunk from rather than grappled with. One anecdote is preſerved by an officer who was preſent, and will evince that cool intrepidity in danger which then poſſeſſed our young mariner, and for which he has ever been remarkable. "In theſe high northern latitudes, the nights are generally clear: during one of them, notwithſtanding the extreme bitterneſs of the cold, young Nelſon was miſſing; every ſearch that was inſtantly made in queſt of him was in vain, and it was at length imagined he was loſt; when lo! as the rays of the riſing ſun opened the diſtant horizon, to the great aſtoniſhment of his meſſmates, he was diſcovered at a conſiderable diſtance on the ice, armed with a ſingle muſquet, in anxious purſuit of an immenſe bear. The lock of the muſket being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had therefore purſued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and being at length able to effect his purpoſe with the butt end. On his return, Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for leaving the ſhip without leave, and in a ſevere tone demanded, what motive could poſſibly induce him to undertake ſo raſh an action; the young hero, with great ſimplicity, replied, "I wiſhed, Sir, to get the ſkin for my father."

On the return of the veſſels to England they were paid off, and Mr. Nelſon deſired to be appointed to one of the ſhips of a ſquadron deſtined to the Eaſt Indies. He was accordingly placed in the Sea Horſe, Captain Farmer, of 20 guns, and in this ſhip was ſtationed to watch in the fore-top, whence in time he was placed on the quarter-deck. During this voyage, he viſited almoſt every part of the Eaſt Indies from Bengal to Buſſora; but ill health afflicting him, Sir Edward Hughes, with great kindneſs, ordered him home in the Dolphin, Captain James Pigott; which ſhip being paid off in September, 1776, Mr. Nelſon received

ceived, on the 26th of that month, an order to act as Lieutenant in the Worceſter, 64 guns, Captain Mark Robinſon, then under ſailing orders for Gibraltar, with a convoy; and he was at ſea with convoys until the 2d of April, 1777.

On the 8th of April he paſſed his examination as lieutenant, and the next day received his commiſſion as ſecond of the Loweſtoffe, 32 guns, Captain William Locker, in which ſhip he arrived at Jamaica; but deſiring more active employment, he ſolicited an appointment to the command of a ſchooner, tender to the Loweſtoffe; and in that ſmall veſſel eagerly availed himſelf of the opportunity of becoming a complete pilot for all the intricate paſſages through the keys (iſlands), ſituated on the northern ſide of Hiſpaniola. During his continuance in the Loweſtoffe, a circumſtance occurred which ſo ſtrongly preſaged and marked his character, that we ſhall here record it.

"In a ſtrong gale of wind and an heavy ſea, the Loweſtoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the firſt lieutenant to board her, which he accordingly attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to a tremendous ſea. On his return to the ſhip, Captain Locker exclaimed—"Have I then no officer who can board the prize?" On hearing this, the maſter immediately ran to the gangway in order to jump into the boat, when Lieutenant Nelſon ſuddenly ſtopped him, ſaying, "It is my turn now; if I come back, it will be your's."

Soon after the arrival of Sir Peter Parker at Jamaica, in 1778, he appointed Lieutenant Nelſon third of the Briſtol, his flag ſhip; from which, by rotation he became the firſt, and under Sir Peter Parker's flag concluded his ſervices in the rank of a lieutenant. On the 18th of December, in that year, he was appointed, on that ſtation, commander of the Badger brig; in which he was ſoon ordered to protect the Moſquito ſhore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers. In this ſervice he acquired the grateful reſpect of the ſettlers, who unanimouſly voted him their thanks, and expreſſed their regret on his quitting the ſtation.

On the 11th of June, 1779, Captain Nelſon obtained his poſt rank, and was believed at that time to have qualified himſelf for his ſituation, equal, it would probably be injuſtice to ſay ſuperior, to any other officer in the ſervice. He had particularly attended to the duties of a pilot, and had become a moſt able one. The firſt ſhip he commanded was the Hinchinbroke. On the arrival of Count D'Eſtaing at Hiſpaniola, with a numerous fleet and army from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was immediately expected: in this critical ſituation of the iſland, Captain Nelſon was entruſted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal. In January, 1780, he was appointed to the command of the naval department in the expedition againſt Fort Juan, and performed the ſervice with great gallantry. After ſtorming an out-

poſt of the enemy ſituated on an iſland in the river, he conſtructed batteries, and fought the Spaniards with their own guns. To his conduct the reduction of the fortreſs was in a great meaſure attributed, and he received the thanks and plaudits of his ſuperiors and colleagues.

His exertions and fatigues in this expedition had viſibly impaired his health, and on his return to Jamaica he was adviſed to go to Europe, which he did in the Lion, commanded by the Honourable William Cornwallis, by whoſe care and attention his life was preſerved. He was eleven weeks at Bath, before he recovered the uſe of his limbs.

In Auguſt, 1781, he was appointed to the command of the Albemarle, and in convoying ſome veſſels to Newfoundland and Quebec ſhewed his addreſs in avoiding the chace of three ſhips of the line and a frigate. He ſailed from Quebec to New York in October, 1782, and joined the fleet under the command of Sir Samuel Hood. In November he ſailed to the Weſt Indies, and was actively employed until the peace, when he was ordered to England, being directed in his way to attend Prince William Henry on his viſit to the Havannah. On his arrival in England his ſhip was paid off, and during the autumn of 1783, and ſpring of 1784, he went and reſided in France, and at that time was appointed to the Boreas frigate, ordered to the Leeward Iſlands.

In this command he had an opportunity of ſhewing his firmneſs and diſcretion in ſome claims made by the Americans relative to the trade of the Weſt Indies. From July, 1786, until June, 1787, he continued in the ſame ſtation, and at length ſailed for England. In March, 1787, he married Frances Herbert Neſbit, of the iſland of Nevis, daughter of William Herbert, Eſq. ſenior judge, and niece to Mr. Herbert, preſident of that iſland; the bride was given away by Prince William Henry.

The Boreas being paid off in November, 1787, Captain Nelſon retired to enjoy the comforts of domeſtic ſociety at the parſonage-houſe of Burnham Thorpe, which his father lent him for a place of reſidence. Here he continued until the year 1790; and that period may be ſet down as the only period of repoſe he had enjoyed from the active employment of his profeſſion from the age of twelve years.

On the diſpute with the Spaniards, in 1790, relative to Nootka Sound, Captain Nelſon left his retirement, and offered his ſervices, which were not accepted; but on the 30th of January, 1793, he was appointed to the Agamemnon, of 64 guns, under the command of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean.

In this ſituation he was continually employed in acts of gallantry, which ſoon rendered his name renowned to his countrymen, and formidable to the enemy. At Toulon, at Baſtia, and Calvi, his exertions were unremitted, and at the ſiege of the

latter

latter place he loſt the ſight of his right eye. He again diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the actions of the 13th and 14th of March, and 13th of July, 1795, and afterwards was appointed to co-operate with the Auſtrian General De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coaſt of Genoa; in which ſervice he continued until the month of November.

In this year he was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Port Ferrajo, with the iſland of Caprea, and in the evacuation of Baſtia. The month of December, 1796, was ſignalized by the capture of La Sabina, a Spaniſh frigate, of 40 guns and 286 men, by Captain Nelſon, now a commodore in La Minerve frigate. On the 14th of February, 1797, the memorable battle of St. Vincent's took place, in which our commodore acquired laurels which will never fade, by the capture of the Santiſſima Trinidada, of 136 guns, and the San Nicholas, with ſuch circumſtances of conduct and valour as never were ſurpaſſed, nor ever can be ſufficiently admired and applauded. For this exploit he was rewarded with the inſignia of the Bath, a gold medal from his ſovereign, and the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In April, 1797, he hoiſted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, and was appointed to the command of the inner ſquadron at the blockade of Cadiz, and while in this employment exhibited as many ſignal inſtances of perſonal bravery as on any former occaſion. On the 15th of July he was detached, with a ſmall ſquadron, to attack the town of Santa Cruz, in the iſland of Teneriffe. This enterpriſe did not wholly ſucceed, and Sir Horatio retreated with the loſs of his right arm, and the acquiſition of a greater portion of military glory. It was December before he was ſufficiently reſtored to reſume his profeſſion. On his firſt appearance at court, his ſovereign received him in the moſt gracious and tender manner; and when, with deep ſenſibility of condolence, the king expreſſed his ſorrow at the loſs the noble admiral had ſuſtained, and at his impaired ſtate of health, which might deprive the country of his future ſervices, Sir Horatio replied, "May it pleaſe your majeſty, I can never think that a loſs which the performance of my duty has occaſioned; and ſo long as I have a foot to ſtand on, I will combat for my king and country."

Previous to the iſſuing of a grant which ſecured to this gallant officer ſome public remuneration for the hardſhips he had endured, a poſitive cuſtom required that a memorial of ſervice ſhould be drawn up; one more brilliant never met the eye of the ſovereign of a brave nation. Sir Horatio had actually been engaged againſt the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times!* and during the preſent war had aſſiſted at the capture of ſeven ſail of the line, ſix frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers

vateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels.

The subsequent actions of this great man's life are so recent, and have been so amply detailed, that we shall add no more than that the hero of Aboukir and Draco has received such rewards as acts like those achieved by him are intitled to demand. Wealth and honours have been showered upon him: he has lately had the title of viscount added to those formerly conferred upon him: and we hope he will long enjoy the well-earned appellation of the DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY!

COMPLAINT *of the* VISITED *against the* VISITERS.

DII PATRII SERVATE DOMUM.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IN the possession of health, competence, a good house, garden, estate, library of books, and, what is very rare, a wife of a silent and domestic disposition, I am one of the most unhappy men alive in consequence of the daily intrusions of visiters. It was said of the great Roman orator, that he was never less alone than when alone; and I may truly say, I am never less at home than when at home. My house is like a first rate inn in every respect but that of paying the reckoning; nay, an innkeeper would make a fortune if he entertained but half the number of persons that are in the habit of frequenting my unfortunate dwelling. I am naturally of a studious turn, and have composed several trifles both in verse and prose, which I may say, with truth and modesty, have not escaped the notice of the public; and I am now busily employed in a work of much greater extent, but I can neither pursue these amusements, write letters to my friends, nor attend even to my own business, for the impertinent interruptions of my neighbours, whose long and expensive visits not only affect my property, but rob me of my time, and, still worse, by preventing me from exercise, and keeping my mind in constant vexation, they have introduced a most excruciating gout. Every knock at the door electrifies me, so that these visits exactly answer to the definition of a robbery, for I am put in fear, and my property taken from me against my will. The poor Devil, who, perhaps induced by hunger, or distress of his family, forcibly takes the smallest sum from me, is tried, and strung up; while those who, uninvited and unwelcome, force themselves into my house, and spend two or three months, which may cost me a hundred pounds, are never looked upon in a criminal light, but, to do me great honour as well as injury, call themselves my friends. Now, Mr. Editor, though I never

meant to become a public character, I am determined to get into Parliament at the next general election, for the purpose of bringing in a bill to punish this crime, which shall be called *social felony*, or *social swindling*, according to the degree of its atrocity; so that in the calendar of prisoners, which shall be published, in the year 1804, you will probably find articles like the following, being convictions for such crimes as are now daily committed against me with impunity.

1. George Barrington, Esq. for staying a month at a gentleman's house where he could easily perceive he was not welcome, being a second visit before the first was returned, and for ordering the gentleman's blacksmith to shoe his horses, and mend the springs of his carriage, at the expence of 2l. 7s. 9½d. which the said George fraudulently left for the gentleman to pay, was capitally convicted, and ordered to be executed near the blacksmith's shop.

2. Mrs. Tremble, for going uninvited to visit a family, only because the master of the house rescued her from a bull, of which she was in no danger, and, during that time, for having sent the servants of the house to town to bring her many articles without money, was found guilty, and ordered to be transported for fourteen years.

3. Tabitha Scribble, for staying a fortnight with a family, to whom she had only brought a letter from a friend at a distance, and for using a vast quantity of stationary articles, and receiving a great number of letters, for which she went away and *forgot* to pay the postage, was sentenced to solitary confinement for one year, and denied the use of pen, ink, and paper.

4. Jezebel Whitlock, for using an enormous quantity of her friend's hair-powder and pomatum during a long visit, and for having gone off without paying the friseur, was ordered to have her head shaved, at her own expence, then tarred, and stuck full of white feathers.

5. Thomas Guzzle, Esq. for eating four dozen of peaches and nectarines in his friend's garden before dinner, which was more than half of the year's produce, is to be set in the pillory for four hours, and to be compelled during that time to eat four raw artichokes.

Several other prisoners for less crimes, such as eating 6lb. of venison at dinner, and drinking four bottles of port after it; going to visit gentlemen who kept farms in the busiest time of their harvest; never proposing to leave a family where they visited 'till they saw it was coming to rain; never applying to get a carriage to take them home 'till they were sure that, on some public occasion, every carriage was engaged; going to dine a second time at a place from whence the first visit had not been returned, and without an invitation; postponing the family-dinner to a late hour, in hopes of being asked to take pot-luck, &c. &c. were either to be privately whipped, or set in the stocks.

But

But as it muſt be ſome time before this new law can be enacted and enforced, I can only beg, in the mean while, the favour of ſuch viſiters to have a little mercy upon me, and ſuffer me ſome few days in the year to be alone, and to follow my own humour. Not that I am ſo churliſh and unſocial as to wiſh to live like a hermit and a cynic; I only want to abridge the time which I am now compelled to throw away on ſuch occaſions, and to reſtrict the number and duration of viſits. For this purpoſe I ſhall here lay down the following rules, which I hope you will publiſh in your next Entertainer, and I will take care to keep the pamphlet in the parlour-window, that every guilty perſon " may *run* who readeth."

And firſt I am very willing that my own and my wife's father, and mother, our brothers and ſiſters, our children, with their wives, huſbands, ſons, and daughters, (and all our particular friends who are *invited*) ſhall come and make my houſe their own as long as ever they pleaſe. 2dly. I wiſh that uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, without unuſual intreaties, ſhall ſtay only three nights. 3dly. That all firſt couſins ſhall not ſleep in my houſe more than two nights ſucceſſively. 4thly. All ſecond couſins are hereby limited to one night only; and all more diſtant relations to no night at all. But though I deſire all remote relations to leave me before night, yet if they are very ſleepy, they, and firſt couſins of half-blood, may take a nap on the ſofa either before or after dinner; and thoſe of half-blood in the female line may lounge, and even ſlumber on the chairs and ſeats in the garden and pleaſure-grounds. Under theſe limitations I expect, for the future, to have, hold, occupy, poſſeſs, and enjoy all and ſingular my houſe, and all the premiſes thereunto appertaining, without the let, hindrance, moleſtation, interruption, or denial of any perſon, claiming or to claim by, from, or under myſelf, my wife, my father, my mother, my uncle, my aunt, my ſon, my daughter, or any other perſon whomſoever, any thing to the contrary thereof, in the cuſtom of the world, notwithſtanding. But as all my former devices have proved abortive, I am much afraid that this manifeſto will have little or no effect on the impudent, the indolent, and the voracious, and therefore I earneſtly beg the advice of your correſpondents how to extricate myſelf from my preſent miſerable ſituation; and leſt they ſhould give me inſtructions ſimilar to thoſe projects which my own mind has ſuggeſted, I will tell you what plans I have already formed and executed to no purpoſe.

When I conſidered that the greater part of my gueſts were ſuch perſons as either would not be willing, or could not afford to entertain me at their own houſes, I reſolved to return all their viſits punctually, month for month, week for week, and day for day; and after throwing away nine months moſt diſagreeably in this ſcheme of retaliation, I began to congratulate myſelf on my

ſucceſs, and fancied I had reduced my kind viſiters to leſs than half the number, but I ſoon found myſelf egregiouſly deceived; for a great number, who are fond of reciprocal viſiting, but who, knowing my deſire of ſolitude, had never moleſted me before, hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Monk (that is my name) were become *ſociable neighbours*, poured in upon me from every quarter, ſo that in a very ſhort time my condition was rendered much more troubleſome than before.

I next gave out that my houſe was haunted by ſpirits, and to confirm it I bought phoſphorus, and ſo frightened my ſervants, that ſome left me, and the reſt turned methodiſts. This leſſened the number of my night-cap viſiters for ſome months, 'till an unlucky accident undeceived the public, and made me the ſubject of general ridicule; for you muſt know, that being peſtered for more than three weeks by the widow Tallyman I was reſolved to get rid of her by a ſtratagem, if poſſible. I therefore whitened my face with hair powder, and, at midnight, there being good moon-light, I opened her chamber-door, went ſoftly to the foot of her bed, drew the curtains, and gave a hollow groan; but I was ſoon in a much greater fright than the widow, for, to my horror, ſhe jumped out of bed, and inſtantly purſued me through the paſſage, and before I had reached my own room I ſaw a tall figure, all in white, before me, which I took to be a real ghoſt, ſent as a judgement to puniſh me for my profane levity; being therefore between two fires, and more afraid of the ſuppoſed ſpirit before me, than of the real fleſh and blood behind, I ſuddenly ſtarted back, and ſtriking againſt the widow, juſt at the top of the ſtaircaſe, and finding myſelf going, I graſped her tightly, and we rolled down more than twenty ſtairs, alternately turning one over the other, 'till coming to the bottom I happened to fall under, and the lady being much in the *embon point* ſtyle, my brain had ſuch a concuſſion, that I lay quite ſenſeleſs on the floor. The noiſe awakened my ſervants, who ſoon came to the ſpot, but ſeeing me ſtretched out in white, with my face of the ſame colour, they ſhrieked out, "A ghoſt! a ghoſt!" and ran off ten times faſter than they came. Thus was I in a fair way of periſhing by my own cruel machinations, like the guillotine-inventor, and many others; however, after lying half an hour in that refrigerating ſtate, the ſervants were prevailed upon by the widow, who aſſured them ſhe had ſatisfied herſelf that it was a man, and not a ghoſt, to take me up, and carry me to bed. Next morning I diſcovered that the tall apparition in white, which moſt alarmed me, was no other than Mrs. Monk, in her chemiſe, who had crept out of bed for fear I had ſtayed too long in the widow's room, merely for the purpoſe of frightening her.

Theſe are all the projects which I have contrived to rid myſelf of troubleſome gueſts, and as they have proved unſucceſsful

I muſt now rely on the better ingenuity of your correſpondents, and if any one of them can hit on a ſcheme which ſhall procure relief, I will inſert his name in the firſt claſs of my allowable viſiters, and he ſhall have the run of my houſe as long as he pleaſes. Something indeed muſt be done ſoon, or I muſt ſhut up my houſe entirely, and leave the country, for freſh diſaſters have overwhelmed me this very day, as you will preſently ſee. You muſt know that my houſe is not ſo capacious as to entertain two large families at a time, and therefore my kind friends are conſtantly enquiring of my ſervants and neighbours when the way will be clear; and it being found out that Mrs. and the two Miſs Broadbottoms will leave me next Saturday, I have juſt received the three following applications.

" DEAR SIR,

" My daughter, Deborah, having laboured for ſome time under a chloroſis, her phyſicians recommend a change of air for two or three months, and relying on your kindneſs and hoſpitality, of which I have had too ample experience to entertain the leaſt doubt, I propoſe bringing her and her mother to Monk-Hall next Monday, and placing them under your proteĉtion, as I cannot be with you more than two days in a week, or three at fartheſt.

" I am, with great truth, &c.

" JEREMIAH SNEAK.

" P. S. As my poor Deborah is frequently troubled with convulſions, in which ſhe ſtruggles and kicks ſo violently that ſhe is more than a match for two ſtrong men, I ſhall depend on your friendſhip to get as much help for the purpoſe as her caſe may require, 'till the tranquillity of her mind and body be reſtored."

" Lady Mandeville preſents compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Monk, and as ſhe has lately received from London fifteen volumes of new novels, and wiſhes to have Mr. Monk's opinion reſpecting their merits, ſhe deſigns to do herſelf the pleaſure of ſpending a month or five weeks at Monk-Hall, that Mr. Monk and ſhe may have ſufficient leiſure for a deliberate peruſal of thoſe books, and for fixing their elevation in the ſcale of elegant literature.

" *Smollet Place, Friday Morn.*"

" DEAR SIR,

" As we have no fruit this year at Steril Park, Mrs. Pumpkin and myſelf propoſe to ſpend a fortnight or three weeks at Monk-Hall, where, I am told, you have great plenty. But though we are dear lovers of fruit, we have a much ſtronger inducement

inducement to wait on you, *i. e.* the pleaſure we expect in the agreeable converſation of Mrs. Monk and yourſelf.

" I am, with great eſteem, &c.

" PETER PUMPKIN."

Judge of my chagrin, Mr. Editor, on receiving theſe notes, and the perplexity I have been in to determine which viſiters I ſhall receive firſt! However, as I hate all gormandizers, have no reliſh for ſtudious ladies, and deteſt the *elegant literature* of novels, I have given preference to the ſtruggling and kicking girl, ſo that I ſhall have a buſy time for two or three months to come, unleſs I break my heart before, or receive an unfortunate kick from poor Deborah.

Your's, in deep affliction,

JOB MONK.

Monk-Hall, Cornwall, September, 1801.

[The further favours of this correſpondent will be acceptable, and will have due attention paid to them.]

Account of a dreadful Thunder Storm at Coalbrook-Dale, and the Neighbourhood.

Written by an Eye-Witneſs.

ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday the 6th of September, 1801, we were viſited with the moſt tremendous ſtorm of thunder, attended with the greateſt torrents of rain, ever remembered by the oldeſt inhabitant, and the conſequences attendant thereon were moſt terrific.—A little before three o'clock, the water deſcended from the neighbouring hills in ſuch violent and rapid ſtreams, as in a few minutes to overflow the banks of the reſervoirs, and notwithſtanding every exertion made to ſtop its progreſs, forced its way into the upper furnace and the ſurrounding ſhops, to the depth of about fourteen feet, when the furnace blew up with a dreadful exploſion, which was felt for a conſiderable diſtance, ſimilar to the concuſſion of an earthquake; its fiery contents, containing upwards of 2000 cubic feet, were diſcharged in leſs than three minutes; the heat was ſo intenſe as to conſume the materials which were forced through the top in an inſtant, and reduced them to atoms. The pyramid of flame was computed to aſcend about 150 feet, and the heat produced therefrom was felt at the diſtance of ſeveral hundred yards. Its appearance was ſo awfully grand, as to induce many of the inhabitants to quit their houſes in the greateſt confuſion. The rapidity of the current continued to increaſe for a conſiderable time, till the greater part of the works was nearly inundated, and the lower furnace was ſaved only by the

greateſt exertion; the water at one time being nearly level with the hearth, a part of it was diverted from its courſe, and turned down the railway, the large ſluices not being ſufficient to convey it away.

In many places the ground was torn up to the depth of ſeveral yards, and conſiderable damage was ſuſtained by the walls, part of the buildings, &c. being waſhed away. Large pieces of timber and vaſt quantities of patterns and tools were ſeen floating in every direction, numbers of which were carried to the river, and entirely loſt, and a ſtill greater number broken to pieces: the loſs of theſe articles, in ſtopping the regular courſe of trade, will be long felt. Many of the dwelling-houſes were alſo inundated, and a part of the workmen's gardens, with their contents, waſhed away.

A ſtrong arch near the river Severn was blown up, with the owner, W. Phillips, who was ſtanding on it, and he was plunged into the torrent with the fragments of the arch, and apparently buried in the ruins; but the impetuoſity of the current bore him from them, and he eſcaped with only a few bruiſes. Providentially this was the only accident likely to prove fatal, which occurred. Had the ſtorm happened on a day when the air furnaces were at work, the conſequences might have been dreadful.

The loſs attending the blowing up of the furnace is inconſiderable; the whole of the ſtack remains firm, and no other repair is neceſſary than a new hearth, which was wanted when this event took place. The deſtructions of the patterns and tools will prove the greateſt injury, and we hope leſs than 1000l. will cover the whole.

We hear that ſeveral of the dams belonging to the reſervoirs in the neighbourhood are waſhed down, many of the ſluices blown up, and a number of horſes drowned in the pits. Crowds of people attended on Monday to view the devaſtation that has been made, which, from the inſtantaneous ſwell which took place, is generally believed to be the effect of a water-ſpout.

A furnace ſtanding upon the ſame ground ſhared the ſame fate ſeventy-two years ago, when one of the workmen was ſleeping in the cabin near the mouth of it, and never awoke 'till the danger was entirely over.

Inquiry whether the late Scarcity of Corn was real or artificial.

MR. Girdler, of Hare-Hatch, near Reading, (who has inveſtigated the corn trade more perhaps than any other man in the kingdom, and has written ſeveral ingenious and elaborate eſſays

eſſays on the ſubject) was lately called upon by the editor of a provincial paper to make good ſome aſſertions attributed to him reſpecting the damage done to ſeveral cargoes of wheat lying in warehouſes near the river Thames, and kept purpoſely back to enhance the markets. Mr. Girdler, in a letter addreſſed to the editor, ſays:—

"Relative to the circumſtance of a warehouſe, near London Bridge, containing in February laſt, 17,000 ſacks of flour, and that, upon application for 400 more ſacks of flour were refuſed to be depoſited in the above warehouſe, in conſequence of which the ſaid ſacks were obliged to remain for ſeveral days in the craft, until room could be made—I know the above not only to be a fact, but alſo that another application was refuſed by an owner of a warehouſe nearly adjoining. I think myſelf, therefore, authoriſed to certify the above intelligence, having attended as a magiſtrate in the Police Office, in Hatton Garden, on the 16th day of February aforeſaid, on a conviction before me and another magiſtrate of a baker for ſelling bread deficient of weight. In the courſe of the hearing, the above fact was aſcertained by a perſon of known reſpectability, and is no other than a Mr. Forteſcue, an eminent baker in Holborn, and whoſe intelligence is frequently referred to, by many leading gentlemen of the Corn Committee of the Houſe of Commons.

"As a further proof of there being immenſe quantities of wheat and flour ſtored at the ſame time, I, from perſonally viſiting the many warehouſes on each ſide the river Thames, from Batterſea to Deptford, found vaſt ſtores of grain, which were reported to have been ſold and re-ſold again and again, even until it was materially damaged; many ſamples of which have been, and are, in my poſſeſſion, in a ſtate of putrefaction, containing weevils and other filth."

The ſame gentleman further aſſerts in another letter—

"In addition to the undeniable proofs of the abundant quantity of grain hoarded and kept back from market, and that the farmers had plenty to produce, if they pleaſed,—Some of my friends in and about Newbury, in Berkſhire, very laudably and liberally ſubſcribed ſeveral thouſand pounds, which were laid out in the purchaſe of foreign wheat, for the purpoſe of ſelling it under the prices of the then next market day (July 31, 1801) the farmers and dealers produced at Newbury market no leſs than one hundred and twenty ſample ſacks of wheat, a quantity far exceeding what had ever been remembered to be brought to that market; though till then their univerſal cry was, that they had little or no corn, and that it would ſoon be 50l. the load. And about this time much hoarded wheat was produced in many markets throughout the kingdom.

"It has been ſtated, that the farmers now and then thraſh out a little wheat to ſave appearances. No wonder then that at our market

market towns it ſhould have riſen enormouſly, and that it ſhould appear to be ſcarce, when ſo little, at times, is carried thither.

"The impolicy and waſte of farmers by negligence, ſuffering their labourers to thraſh by taſk-work, I ſhall mention a few inſtances only as proof, among many others which I can adduce, for the purpoſe of ſhewing that the crops in the years 1799 and 1800 were not ſo deficient as reported, and that much grain was improperly and even improvidentially thrown away, viz. In February, 1800, I found much wheat in a hackney-coach—Mr. Pearſon, of Golden-ſquare, was preſent. In the above month I cauſed to be taken out of one of the Reading ſtages, at Colnbrook, a quantity of wheat-ſtraw unthraſhed (being a paſſenger therein)—Meſſrs. Baldwin and Co. of the George Inn there, were preſent. In the ſame month, at an inn, in High-ſtreet, Borough, were found, in eighteen truſſes of wheaten ſtraw, near a buſhel of grain.

"The approaching ſeſſion of parliament, when it is preſumed, the high price of proviſions and of bread corn, will be taken into conſideration, calls upon every well-wiſher to his country, to ſhew the inefficacy of any futile plan to reduce the prices, and alſo to point out other methods by which the object may be attained; and although others may be adopted which the legiſlature may think more efficient, yet it will be a pleaſure to me to reflect on having contributed ſome aſſiſtance, as far as in my power, to ſo beneficial a purpoſe."

The indefatigable attention now paid by government to this momentous buſineſs in procuring returns from every pariſh in the kingdom, will, we truſt, effectually remedy all the late ſubſiſting complaints; and as a thorough reformation will take place in the preſent traffic of Mark-lane, the public may, it is hoped, expect to be better ſupplied with the eſſentials of life, allowing the induſtrious farmer a liberal profit for his laborious ſervices.

DESCRIPTION *of the* RUINS *of* ITALICA,

By Victor Broussonet.

[*Tranſlated from the original French.*]

SPAIN is one of the parts of Europe, which preſents innumerable objects worthy the attention of the lovers of antiquity: nor is it that part which has been leaſt ſtudied. This kingdom poſſeſſes almoſt excluſively the monuments of the grandeur and induſtry of the Moors. Here we find the traces of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans. The favourable ſituation of this country for commerce, and the mildneſs of the climate, induced them to prefer it to any other part of the globe.

Andaluſia, watered by the great river Guadalquiver, peculiarly attracted the notice of the founders of colonies, and on its banks they fixed their abode. There they raiſed wealthy cities, whoſe very names have ſcarcely ſurvived their ruins. Italica is one of this number, ſince the very ſpot on which it flouriſhed is even diſputed. The remains, however, leave little doubt of the actual ſituation. I know of none ſo intereſting or well preſerved, and it is with a wiſh to give ſome idea of it, that I am induced to offer this outline to the public.

According to Appian, Italica was built by the invalids that Scipio left behind him. This colony was cheriſhed by Auguſtus, aggrandized and ornamented by the emperors that it produced; Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Adrian, were born in it; as alſo Silius Italicus, the poet. It was ſwallowed up by an earthquake, and abandoned till the year 1595, when the inhabitants of the miſerable village of Santipence, obliged to expatriate themſelves, built a village on the ruins of it, and called it after the name of that which they had abandoned. The veſtiges of the ancient city, furniſhed them with materials for the conſtruction of their cottages, and the fine convent of the Hironomites. Amongſt the monks of that order, many of whom have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in information which ſeldom characteriſes ſuch men, there was one who exerted all the influence he poſſeſſed in the houſe of St. Jerome, in order to collect the antique remains of Italica. His collection roſe to be very valuable in all kinds, when he was ſnatched away by death, in the midſt of his laudable purſuits. His collection fell into the hands of a rich Engliſhman, by which the world has been deprived of the hiſtory of Italica.

Italica was ſeated to the north of Seville, on the left banks of the Guadalquiver. Its ſituation verifies what others have obſerved before me, the ſcrupulous care of the Romans in the choice of a place for the erection of their towns. Italica was ſeated upon a hill in the delightful margin of a majeſtic river, whoſe bed has ſince experienced ſome change; a fine aqueduct whoſe very ruins beſpeak its former magnificence, conveyed the pure water from a never failing ſource; encircled with walls well fortified, embelliſhed with marble columns of the greateſt beauty, now half ſunk into the earth, and ſepulchres well preſerved, atteſt the magnificence and opulence of ancient Italica. The Spaniards have preſerved many Latin and Greek inſcriptions, vaſes, trunks of ſtatues of different ſizes, executed with inimitable taſte. Many of theſe were collected by an inhabitant of Seville, whoſe name I cannot recollect. Some are to be found in the ſaloon of Alcazar. Father Nicholas, the Keeronomite, to whom I had been recommended by the Abbé de Vienne, my countryman, received me in the moſt friendly manner. He accompanied me in a ſurvey of the ruins. We

viſited

viſited a fine moſaic pavement, which this learned monk had diſcovered; it was encompaſſed with a wall, and repreſented the muſes, the centaurs, and the death of Hippolitus, the ſon of Theſeus. It is in high preſervation. From the number of places, it may be computed that the inhabitants of Italica amounted to between 30 and 40,000. I ſeated myſelf for a moment on the ſteps of the circus. I contemplated a place formerly filled with the confuſed noiſe of ſpectators, at preſent the abode of ſolitude and ſilence.

Inſtead of ferocious beaſts in the arena, I ſaw a labourer, who traced his furrow, and ſweetened his labour with a ſong, whilſt the good monk, my conductor, converſed with my fellow travellers. The earth is collected into heaps on theſe edifices, which time had almoſt hid from the eye. I am perſuaded that a little labour would reward the antiquary with a rich harveſt. There is in the ſacriſty of the cathedral of Seville, a mirror of metal in very good condition. The eccleſiaſtics who ſhewed it to us ſeemed wholly ignorant of the origin or uſe of it. One of them aſſured me very ſeriouſly that it cured defluxions in the head; and I ſaw many afflicted with that diſeaſe, gaze at it with great devotion, and retired in the full confidence of being perfectly cured—ſuch is the powerful effect of ſuperſtition.

If I ſhould remain here any time I will ſend you a further account of this place. I hope to be able at leaſt to collect ſome of the inſcriptions which I am told are very intereſting; they may ſerve, probably, to ſhed light on ſome paſſages in the Greek and Roman hiſtory. The Spaniards are beginning to turn their attention to theſe ſtudies, which have been ſo ſhamefully neglected for many ages, I may ſay, and for which they can offer no apology.

VISIT *to the* ARABIAN TOWER.

IN Egypt, the general of diviſion, Friant, commandant of the fifth diſtrict, has made an excurſion to the Arabian Tower, ſituated about ten leagues from Alexandria. This monument appears very ancient, but it is extremely decayed, eſpecially in the part expoſed to the north. About 300 fathoms from this tower is a vaſt ſquare building, of about 120 feet on each front; the walls are of a great height, and of a thickneſs beyond all the uſual proportions. This monument likewiſe appears very ancient, and ſeems to have ſome relation with the antiquities of Upper Egypt. No traveller has ſpoken of it, and General Friant exceedingly regrets the not having had with him in his journey any one, who, more converſant than himſelf in the knowledge of antique monuments, could aſſign the epoch in which the one here alluded to was built, and the uſe to which it was appropriated.

AN ANECDOTE.

ANTIGONUS, who had wintered in Meſopamia, came to Babylon, and having there joined with Seleucus and Python, he determined to march out againſt Eumenes, who had fortified the river Tygris from its fountain to the ſea, and indeed all the country bordering upon him, in which manner he waited the approach of the enemy; but foraſmuch as the guard of a place of ſo great a length required a multitude of ſoldiers, Eumenes had obtained of Peuceſtus, that he ſhould ſend for ſome thouſands of archers for him out of Perſia; which was done in ſuch manner, that moſt of the Perſians, though diſtant thirty days journey, did yet hear of the edict of Peuceſtus upon that very day it was given out, and that through the artificial placing of their watches: for whereas Perſia is interrupted with valleys, and full both of many and high rocks, the ſtrongeſt voices that were to be found amongſt the inhabitants were placed upon the tops of theſe; ſo that the command being heard in divers places at once, they tranſmitted it from one to the other, till ſuch time as it was gotten to the utmoſt end of Peuceſtus's Satrapy.—Pezel. Mellific. Tom. 1. P. 409.

New MACHINE *for* BLANCHING WHEAT.

MR. FERRYMAN, of Bedfordſhire, has invented a machine for blanching wheat, that is, taking off the outward coat of the grain of wheat, previouſly to its being ground, by which the whole of the grain may be uſed in bread, without any of the inconveniencies that have hitherto been found in bread made from the whole of the meal. By this machine Mr. Ferryman can ſeparate the outer coat of the wheat at the rate of twenty buſhels per hour; and it is found that blanched wheat may be ground in two-thirds of the time ſooner than the ſame kind of wheat in its perfect ſtate. Damaged wheat is alſo capable of being blanched. Satisfactory experiments to aſcertain whether this method of blanching wheat was ſo far practicable as to become of general utility have been made at the Duke of Bedford's ſeat at Woburn. A principal benefit would be the getting off the outer coat of the wheat entirely free from pollard or flour, which has never yet been done by any mode of grinding. By this proceſs, likewiſe, the dirt, that is always more or leſs attached to the grain, and which firſt attracts the moiſture which injures the grain, is taken away. It is believed that three pair of ſtones will grind as much as four pair in the common way; the grain will not heat ſo much in the grinding, and if ground altogether for brown bread, it may be ground as faſt again as in the common way.

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 3.

WITH awful and tremendous form,
The SEA doth oft appear;
And MAN oft views the raging ſtorm,
Which fills his mind with fear.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Berry, of Southmolton; W. England, of Lyme; Serjeant Towning, of the Fifehead Volunteers; J. Whittle, of Upway; A. L. of Poole; J. Squance, W. Strong, and John Hill, of Exeter; Roger Maffet, of Saltaſh; W. Chudleigh, and S. B. of Newton Buſhel; J. U. Jun. of Brixham; J. R. Toulmin; and G. England, of Uplyme.

Anſwer, by J. U. Jun. of Brixham, to a Charade, inſerted Auguſt 3.

WHEN darkneſs reigns, and north winds blow,
And winter wraps the world in ſnow;
The friendly *Fire* its heat imparts
To chaſe chill care, and cheer our hearts;
The *Lock* ſecures the miſer's gold,
And is ſecure unleſs when told.
Pray join theſe parts, and you will find
A FIRELOCK to diſturb the mind.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from H. Humphreys, J. Squance, E. Moon, J. Hill, and W. S. of Exeter; A. L. of Poole; H. Gillard, and R. Berry, of Southmolton; H. Trenchard, jun. of Chard; J. Whittle, of Upway; S. B. and W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhell; William England, of Lyme; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; Henricus, of Plymouth; D. Hayes, of Briſtol; and G. England, of Uplyme.

A CHARADE, *by A. L. of Poole.*

MY firſt is a veſſel where oars are much us'd;
My ſecond's a man's that's greatly abus'd;
My firſt and my ſecond together aſſemble,
'Twill ſhew you a birth that makes a man tremble.

A CHARADE, *by Acaſto, of Chard.*

PALEMON! bleſs that happy morn,
When with my firſt your bliſs was crown'd;
When with my next you did adorn
The maid in whom true love you found,
And ſend an anſwer to my theme;
You'll in my ſecond find the ſame.

A REBUS, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

AN uſeful beaſt my firſt will ſhew;
An inſect next be pleas'd to view;
An odoriferous flower too;
A fiſh; likewiſe a fruit declare;
A ſinging bird pray make appear;
A city, Sirs, brings up the rear:
Theſe parts with care you'll ponder over—
When join'd a ſomething you'll diſcover,
Of which I really am a lover.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The CRAZY TAYLOR.

WHEN the fierce ſtorms of winter's wind
Howl o'er the heath with furious blaſt,
On ſome wild craggy rock reclin'd
The maniac takes his courſe repaſt.
From man's abode he ſwiftly flies,
Unknown, alas! to ſocial joy;
And wand'ring o'er the plain, he cries,
"Alas! poor Snip! the taylor's boy."

How hard his fate! In youthful bloom
He claim'd a tender parent's care;
Unconſcious of his fated doom
He mock'd the threats of wild deſpair.
But ſhould you o'er the deſart ſtray,
His raging madneſs to alloy,
You'll hear the plaintive echoes ſay,
"Alas poor Snip! the taylor's boy!"

With legs acroſs, ah! ſad to tell!
While hard at work he tugg'd the thread,
The gooſe from ſome high cupboard fell,
And crack'd the hapleſs taylor's head.
And ever ſince, in wild retreat,
It is the wretched youth's employ
To make the ſullen caves repeat,
"Alas! poor Snip! the taylor's boy."

When death ſhall claim his faded charms
I'll ſhed no tears of tender grief;
For guardian angel's foſtering arms
Shall yield his frantic ſoul relief.
I'll bear his corſe from doleful gloom,
Leaſt ſavage beaſts his limbs deſtroy;
And write upon his humble tomb
"Alas! poor Snip! the taylor's boy."

JUVENIS.

ODE *to the* BRAIN.

THOU ſource, whence all our whimſies ſpring,
And every ſerious thought,
Aſſiſt my muſe thy praiſe to ſing—
To ſing it as ſhe ought.

The poet's celebrated fount
(Whate'er its title be)
That ſprung from old Parnaſſus' mount
Was but a type of thee.

Thou art the true Pierian well
From which great Homer drank,
And all thoſe bards that ſince excel
Throughout the claſſic rank.

Thy inſpiration Maro crown'd
With univerſal fame:
Hence lyric Horace lives renown'd;
Hence Milton's deathleſs name.

Hence Shakeſpeare ſtill ſupremely ſhines
In the dramatic ſphere:
Hence flow'd the ſweet, deſcriptive lines
That ſung the circling year.

Hence Pope and Prior charm by turns;
Hence Goldſmith's poliſh'd lays;
And hence, lamented Scottiſh Burns!
Thy prejudice and praiſe.

To thee, too, ſentimental ſource!
Each lofty ſon of proſe
His tale's effect, his moral's force,
His varied beauties owes.

Plutarch and Tacitus of yore
Thy viſions did illume,
With many a fam'd hiſtorian more,
Down to the days of Hume.

Not leſs indebted to thy aid
Is eloquence confeſt;
From thee ſhe learns to rouſe, perſuade,
And rule the human breaſt.

Thou taught'ſt Demoſthenes's tongue
To lead the liſt'ning throng;
From thee thoſe pow'rful periods ſprung
That Cic'ro roll'd along.

Philoſophy, led by thy light,
Her deep reſearches makes;
Aſtronomy her boldeſt flight
Beneath thy guidance takes.

Great Newton thus, on dauntleſs wing,
Thro' nature's ſyſtem ſoar'd;
Hence learned Locke each hidden ſpring
And maze of mind explor'd.

When painting feaſts the glowing eye
Upon ſome pictur'd plane,
When muſic pours the thrilling joy
Of ſome enchanting ſtrain;

Thy

Thy nervous influence alone
The varied pleasure gives;
And painting's tint, and music's tone
From thee its charm receives.

But ah! if dire derangement's clouds
Obscure the mental sky;
If round thy seat distemper'd crowds
Of wild conceptions fly—

Then, from her throne, bright reason hurl'd,
Sinks hopeless, helpless, low,
Exposing to the pitying world
A spectacle of woe!

Dromore. HAFIZ.

Lines written on the Day of Marriage by a Daughter, addressed to a beloved Mother.

FAREWELL, my mother! on my bridal day,
The day that bears me far from thee away,
From thy parental roof, where I have shar'd
From infancy thy kindness unimpair'd,
I take this parting leave, this long adieu,
By far the longest that I ever knew;
The most important and the most severe
That e'er I sounded in thy partial ear.
Yet may I hope, when I no longer share
Thy constant love, thy never failing care—
Then, may'st thou have no reason to deplore,
The day I left thy hospitable door,
For me, may no imaginary fears
Call forth thy sighs, or stimulate thy tears;
For sure I leave thy peaceable abode
For one as dear, as peaceable, as good.
I quit thy daily, thy increasing love,
For him whose tenderness will equal prove;
For whom I freely even thee resign;
For whom I quit whatever once was mine;
Scenes where I first the voice of friendship knew,
Where taught by thee my young ideas grew;
Form'd by thy judgment, and matur'd to see,
I owe a debt of gratitude to thee.

O say, my mother, have I e'er repaid
That fond affection I have seen pourtray'd?
Did e'er my infant innocence beguile
From thee a mother's pleasurable smile?
Or art thou fully satisfied to prove
The certain knowledge of a daughter's love?
If thus I can a recompence bestow,
How free, how largely, does this tribute flow;
Nor shall my future scenes, if e'er so fair,
Chace from my mem'ry thy maternal care;
Revolving years shall serve but to renew,
Thy precepts tender and affection true;
Those precepts, mild, still dwell upon my ear,
And leave the purest of impressions there.
Be happy, then, my mother! nor repine
When absent from me, as thy days decline;
Upon thy comfort will my peace depend,
Altho' united to as dear a friend.

P. D.

A Translation from Anacreon.

COME, thou best of painters, come,
Master of the Rhodian art,
While mem'ry with her image glows,
Paint the mistress of my heart.

First her glossy ringlets trace:
Paint them soft, and black as jet;
And, if such thy mimic power,
Paint them breathing every sweet.

From the full luxuriant cheek,
Peeping thro' her dusky hair,
Let the ivory forehead rise
Brightly glittering, smooth, and fair

Her eye-brows trace with steadiest hand
With care the graceful arch design;
Part not the bewitching curves,
Nor yet unite the waving line.

Shaded by a jetty lid,
Paint me next her eye of fire,
Sparkling bright with rays of sense,
Melting too with soft desire.

Roses blend with whitest milk—
Tint her lovely cheeks with this;
And her soft persuasive lips
Challenging the luscious kiss.

Round her alabaster neck
Let the wanton graces play;
Shade, with a robe of purple dye,
The brighter charms that shun the day.

But gently thro' the careless folds
Let the snowy bosom break:
Enough! 'tis she! I own thy power;
It breathes, it lives, it soon will speak!

W. SHEPHERD.